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THE  
R I V A L S.  
A  
P O E M.

Occasion'd by *Tom Punsibi*, *Metamorphos'd*, &c.

**M**EN who are out, hate those in play,  
A case which happens ev'ry day;  
'Tis worse to lose that very Place  
Another fills, and that's our case.  
The Dean, who Realms of Wit commands,  
Like most wise Monarchs changes hands.  
'Mongst all his Subjects picks and chuses  
His Ministers, as each of use is.  
And as he smiles, or frowns, his Features  
Are Joy or Grief, to all his Creatures.  
I—/ would feign at Court appear,  
For what he loves abroad, good Cheer.  
The Dean in frolick wou'd receive him,  
And what he came for freely gave him.  
He let him sit with Men of Letters,  
And prate sometimes before his Betters;  
Wou'd suffer him from Three to Six,  
At proper Times, to shew his Tricks.  
Wou'd *over-bear* his *Point of War*  
(Of all his Tricks the best by far)  
Bestow'd him many a Joke and Quibble,  
At length he licens'd him to Scribble.  
And in his Works, to lend him Fame,  
Here us'd his Wit, and there his Phlegm.  
Vain of these Plumes, he knew, were borrow'd,  
The giddy Soul grew wond'rous forward.  
Libell'd the Dean, and so repaid  
What in his Service he had made.  
And prone of old to factious Courses,  
Now Levy's, Independent Forces.  
With Arms, not His, he issues forth,  
Declares for Empire in the North;  
There utters in Imperial Strain,  
Wit, which he pilfer'd from the Dean.  
The Dean, his Court and Hands to clear,  
Of this poor upstart Mutineer,

Pronounc'd



Pronounc'd in Council his Disgrace,  
 And *Tom* the *Punster* begg'd his Place.  
 And hence arose a furious scold,  
 'Twixt the new Favo'rite and the old.  
 The War broke out, in Words and Looks,  
 Then grew the *Battle of the Books*.  
 But those who knew these Weapons, cry'd,  
*There's no great Odds on either Side.*  
 And as old Heroes in the Field,  
 Wou'd change their Helmet, Sword, and Shield;  
 And then fall to, to cause Disasters,  
 And make Mens Arms annoy their Masters.  
 Just so these Wits each other gore  
 With Books, which hurt them both, before  
 Books have a knack 'bove other things  
 To wound, altho' they have no Stings.  
 For They their Writers, some alledge,  
 Hurt more, for want of *Point* or *Edge*.  
*T——l* in Wrath and his worst Gown,  
 March'd slow, with his whole Wife, to Town;  
 It happen'd both were near their Times,  
*She* big with Child, and *He* with Rhymes;  
 For he begets a various Brood,  
 Both Boys and Verse, in heat of Blood.  
 So have I seen a Bramble bend,  
 And hide in Earth its upper end.  
 Which taking root, it cou'd not fail,  
 At once to sprout at *Head* and *Tail*.  
*TOM*, tho' he little fear'd the Matter,  
 Was rudely us'd by *T——l's* Satyr;  
 But bearing up at all Adventures,  
 Was no more hurt than—the *Dissenters*.

